Oth. Let me see your eyes -- looke in my face.
Des. What horrible fancy's this?
Oth. Some of your function mistrisse,
Leaue procreants alone, and shut the dore,
Coffe, or cry hem, if any body come,
Your mistery, your mistery: nay dispatch. *Exit* Em.
Des. Vpon my knees, what does your speech import?
I vnderstand a fury in your words,
But not the words.
Oth. Why, what art thou?
Des. Your wife my Lord, your true and loyall wife.
Oth. Come, sweare it, dam thy selfe,
Least being like one of heauen, the diuells themselues
Should feare to cease thee, therefore be double dambd,
Sweare thou art honest.
Des. Heauen doth truely know it.
Oth. Heauen truely knowes, that thou art false as hell.
Des. To whom, my Lord, with whom? how am I false?
Oth. O *Desdemona*, away, away, away.
Des. Alas the heauy day, why do you weepe?
Am I the occasion of those teares my Lord?
If haply you my father doe suspect,
An Instrument of this your calling backe,
Lay not your blame on me; if you haue left him,
Why I haue left him too.
Oth. Had it pleas'd heauen
To try me with affliction, had he ram'd
All kindes of sores, and shames on my bare head,
Steep'd me in pouerty, to the very lips,
Giuen to captiuity, me and my hopes,
I should haue found in some part of my soule
A drop of patience; but alas, to make me
A fixed figure, for the time of scorne,
To point his slow vnmouing fingers at -- oh, oh,
Yet could I beare that too, well, very well.
But there: where I haue garner'd vp my heart,
Where either I must liue, or beare no life,

The

The fountaine, from the which
Or else dryes vp, to be discard
Or keepe it as a Cesterne, for fo
To knot and gender in: turne t
Patience thy young and rose-li
There looke grim as Hell.
Des. I hope my noble Lord
Oth. O I, as summers flies, a
That quicken euen with blowi
O thou blacke weede, why art
Thou smell'st so sweete, that th
Would thou hadst ne're bin bo
Des. Alas, what ignorant si
Oth. Was this faire paper, t
Made to write whore on? --- V
Heauen stops the nose at it, an
The bawdy wind, that kisses al
Is husht within the hallow mi
And will not hear't: -- whatc
Des. By heauen you doe m
Oth. Are not you a strump
Des. No, as I am a Christia
If to preserue this vessell for m
From any hated foule vnlawfu
Be not to be a strumpet, I am n
Oth. What, not a whore?
Des. No, as I shall be saue
Oth. Is t possible?
Des. O heauen forgiue us!
Oth. I cry you mercy,
I tooke you for that cunning w
That married with *Othello*: yo
That haue the office opposite
And keepes the gates in hell, I
We ha done our course; ther
I pray you turne the key, and
Em. Alas, what does this

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